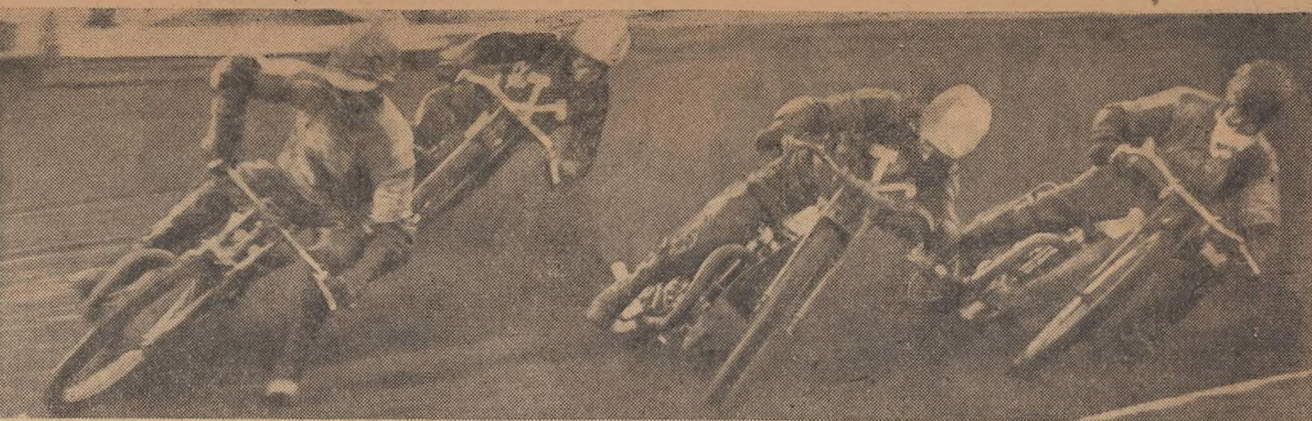


Good Morning 222

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

AL MALE SHOWS YOU SPEEDWAY'S



SPILLS, THRILLS, SPORT

OH, of course, I'd almost forgotten to say... we are on our way to West Ham Speedway. No... not for any particular reason, except the decisive one that to-night happens to be "Hammers" night... which leaves us no alternative.

Each track has its own particular night, and just as Friday night used to be "Amami night" to the feminine sex, so each certain evening is dedicated to a certain speedway club.

Here we are, then at the Stadium, Custom House... looks as though there's going to be plenty of excitement, quite a crowd here already, not to mention those we passed... or, more correctly, forced our way through, on the road.

I'll warn you right away... you might find fourteen heats a bit too much, as naturally they vary in interest, according to the skill of the riders.

Some heats are a "walk-over" from the starting gun, and others are intense fights right to the finishing post.

By the way... there's no betting allowed at any speedway meeting, so that when you see the crowd, don't imagine that there is an added attraction in addition to the sport itself. Betting would make it far too risky, as riders might be tempted to attempt the impossible, and kill themselves or others in the process.

Well, here's the track itself... pretty lengthy stretch, isn't it?... Oh, somewhere about 360 yards, and they do four laps for each heat... Doesn't take long, though, just a matter of seconds... yes, actually seconds—in fact, the record for four laps here is 76.8 secs., which means taking sixteen corners and slowing down slightly in the bargain. Prize-money?... Well, each rider gets a starting fee and collects prize-money at the rate of one pound per point. First, three points, second two points, third one point, and, in the case of special scratch races, all sorts of trophies and money prizes are offered, all according to the class of entrant... the star riders obviously drawing bigger crowds and therefore being worth higher "inducement."

Here we are... the riders are leaving the "pits" and

ing up into the starting area. Once that green light has flashed no time allowance is granted, neither can any rider, whose engine has stopped, receive assistance until the race has started.

See, above the riders there are suspended four coloured lights. If any one of those colours is flashed on, then the rider with that colour is disqualified... oh, and another thing... in the event of a race having to be stopped, you will see red lights flashed all round the track, so that no matter where the riders have reached, they know immediately that they can call the whole thing off.

Anything else, before the starting gate goes up? Yes... If a rider should break the tapes in an effort to "beat the gun," he is excluded from

Blue work to cut out White and Yellow, and vice-versa.

Blue is holding the white line, which means that if he can keep his mad machine from cutting across the track in an effort to go straight on, he will gain first place and automatically throw his "dirt" behind for a share-out amongst his followers.

Did you see that? Blue was first round the first bend, but White anticipated for the second bend, and as they flashed past the pits he shot down to race alongside, so cutting out Red, who has had to join the "procession," and now it looks like a duel between Blue and White for first place, with Red and Yellow trying to nose through.

You see... Blue is holding his lead in spite of all... White is a close second... Red has been presented with a gift of third place because Yellow is knocked out... you can see him forlornly pushing his machine home.

How about going round to the pits? You will find it pretty noisy here.

Here we are! What did I tell you? Most of the boys are trying to find out what is wrong with their machines and having it put right, doing it themselves or through their mechanics in the short space of time between races.

You will see that each has at least two machines, and in addition to the team mechanic, many of them have their own, who not only understand the machines, but understand the peculiarities of the riders and just what suits them best.

Don't forget also that some tracks are faster than others, according to the surface, and even that has to be taken into consideration.

Often the first race is wasted by a visiting team, as far as points are concerned, but is invaluable in helping them to ascertain the type of surface they are racing on for the night.

The chap you see there with ginger hair is world champion, "Bluey" Wilkinson... He and his team mate, Arthur Atkinson, are naturally heroes on this track, as also are Tiger Stevenson, just fitting on a new wheel, Tommy Croombs, wiping his forehead and gulping down some cold water. He has just come off the track... actually, he was Red, whom we just saw win the last race.

There are the opposing teams' machines... there is Ron Johnson... tough chap is Ron... lost half a finger on the track, and coolly went to look for it... There is George Newton. If you want to see some spectacular broadsiding watch Jordy; he is a fearless rider and seems to risk suicide at every bend.

Now we will go inside the track on to the grass and get a really close-up view for the next race. A two-lap match between Wilkinson and Atkinson, just to give the crowd a thrill.

You will be able to watch them round the track, but, more important still, you will see the way they take the curves from close quarters.

They are now pushing their bikes out of the pits, each with his mechanic, is adjusting his goggles and generally seeing that everything is all right, as this is a "do or die" job... Listen to the crowd as they make their preliminary run round to the starting gate.

There are about 60,000 fans here to-night... I have seen over 80,000 here. Don't forget, the Supporters' Club itself has over 40,000 members, each one of which is a red-hot supporter of the game... there is no doubt about their enthusiasm... just listen to them as it is getting near time for the start.

I might tell you that "Bluey" has left West Ham and to-night is determined to show his old supporters that he has lost none of his artistry... he is undoubtedly one of the finest riders in the game, and his world title was well deserved.

They are now pushing their bikes up to the tapes. Bang! There goes the starting gun... the crowd seems to be on its feet... this is going to be a duel right from the first inch.

There they go, neck to neck. Wilkinson has got the inside position, and if anyone knows "Bluey," they know that Atkinson is going to have to fight very hard to move him.

Now watch them as they come round to our bend here. Did you ever see such cornering? Did you ever see two human beings fighting to keep two mad machines from going in the opposite direction to which the riders want them to go? Look how they are canting over. You would think their bikes would skid from underneath them.

But, yes, on that inside foot they have a steel sole, and they use that foot, the left one, to help them round the bends... some riding with their foot forward and others trailing it, all according to how they were started and which suits them best.

Well, "Bluey" has got the first bend, but Atkinson is running him neck-to-neck for the second. Akko is no fool and has no complex when riding against a world's champion... he is fully aware of his

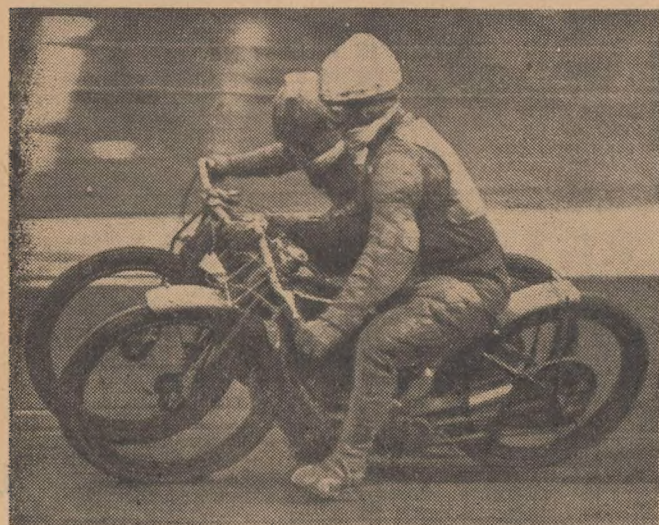
own ability and never gets flurried.

Along the far straight they are racing wheel to wheel... the crowd is lapping it up... such racing is only seen on rare occasions... here they come again!

Atkinson is slightly leading... though there's precious little in it. Hell! Did you see the way they threw those machines? It takes a mighty strong wrist to hold a bike and force it round when it is determined to go straight on... What a cascade of cinders!

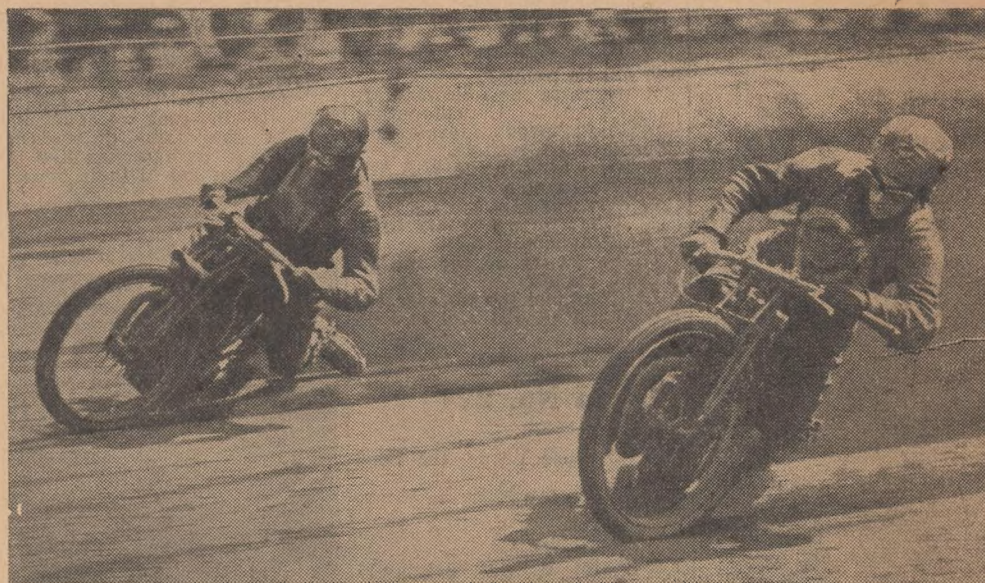
I've seen hundreds of races, but never such "Siamese twin" stuff... "Akko" is a typical Yorkshire lad, fearless and confident, without show. "Bluey" is a master, too, who always gives of his best to the crowd, but gives precious little to his opponents. (As he always says, "You've got to box clever.")

These chaps ARE tough, aren't they?... You didn't know that one of those two stars you watched with open mouth was encased in plaster of Paris, did you?



making their way to the starting gate... notice their colours on their crash-helmets... red, white, blue and yellow. Red and blue are the same team riders, while white and yellow are the opposing riders... two from each team. Now they're coming round the home bend... slowing down to approach the starting line; each takes up his proper position as drawn for before the match... the team taking first and third positions (counting from the inside of the track), the second and fourth places in the second heat, and so on alternately.

Ah... there's the green light... the riders are mov-



The £.S.D. OF IT THE TURF

HORSE-RACING in Britain is a big business with a peace-time turnover estimated at well over £200,000,000 a year! By far the greater part of this is represented by bets. The racing expenditure itself was estimated at about £25,000,000.

War conditions have seen both racing and betting curtailed. There are fewer races for bets, but individual bets tend to become larger. The single spectacular bets of thousands have disappeared, but the average punter is making his half-crown each way of pre-war days five shillings.

You can pay a good deal

for a racehorse. Record prices include £200,000 offered for Man o' War, the American horse that won 20 out of 21 races, and then went to stud at a fee of £1,000; £53,000 paid in 1920 for Tracery, and £60,000 reported to be the price of the unbeaten three-year-old colt Nearco in 1938.

On the other hand, the Grand National has been won by a cab-horse costing a few pounds, and the Aga Khan sold, in 1940, colts for £420 each which were in the highest class. They would probably fetch £10,000 each to-day.

Racing is not a cheap hobby. Entrance fees vary from £3 for the most modest selling plates to £100 for the Derby. Thousands of entrance fees are "forfeited" by the horses being withdrawn well before the race.

It is not unusual for 100 horses to be withdrawn from the Derby at £5 a time. In pre-war days there were about 5,000 horses in training. Their cost averaged £8 per week. Total prize money was about £825,000. Somebody lost —

obviously the owners as a body.

Value of the races to the winner depend in most cases on the number of entrants. The Derby normally averages £10,000. This year it was only £4,388.

Official payments to jockeys are five guineas for a winner, three guineas if unplaced. But many jockeys get a retainer, which may run up to £5,000 a year.

Gordon Richards is reputed to have made £10,000 a year. On occasions winning owners are generous in presents to jockeys. Transport is normally a heavy item. A shilling a mile was the standard charge before the war. And then there are trifles like five guineas for racing colours, ten shillings for shoeing with racing plates, fees for the vet., and other items which multiplied by the hundred.

Most spectacular of big money-makers on the turf recently has been the Aga Khan. Before the war his winnings of stake money had exceeded £500,000.

To-day's Brains Trust

★ ★ ★

★ ★ ★

★ ★ ★

★ ★ ★

HERE we have an Aeronautical Engineer, a Philosopher, a Physicist, and an Anatomist, tackling the question:—

Shall we ever have flying bicycles, or wings attached to our shoulders, so that we can fly as easily as we now walk?

Engineer: "If the question covers motor-cycles, I think we may say that we already have flying bicycles. At least, very satisfactory light aircraft have been built and put on the market with engines of very little more power than an ordinary motor-cycle."

"The first men to fly—the Wright brothers—used an adapted motor-cycle engine, I believe. But if the question means shall we ever be able to fly by muscle-power, I think the answer is quite definitely 'No.'"

Philosopher: "Is there any good reason for that? Aeroplanes have been made which

will fly at 30 miles per hour, and the record speed of racing cyclists exceeds 60 miles per hour. I don't see why ordinary bicycles shouldn't be fitted with wings and have the pedals coupled to a propeller for use in the air."

Physicist: "It wouldn't work. In fact, we may say it doesn't work, for the experiment has been tried by persons whose optimism has outrun their knowledge of mechanics."

"The force required to raise the weight of a man's body to any given height is easily ascertainable, and so is the time in which the lifting would have to be done in order to maintain flight."

"No man has ever lived who was capable of producing anything like the required energy."

Philosopher: "But surely no man has ever lived who was capable of travelling over the ground at 60 miles per hour,

yet the bicycle enables him to do it."

Engineer: "In walking or running, a great deal of a man's energy is spent in supporting his weight."

"The bicycle is only a device for transferring this energy to the business of locomotion, the saddle doing the supporting."

"The bicycle in no way increases the total amount of energy. As a matter of fact, it diminishes it, though the use of light frames and ball-bearings reduces the loss to a minimum."

Philosopher: "Well, doesn't the glider correspond with the bicycle? A man may glide for many miles without using any power at all. Surely the addition of a little muscle-power to drive a propeller would suffice to keep him up altogether?"

Physicist: "There is no comparison between the two cases."

"The glider is not like a bicycle, but like a clockwork motor—you wind it up when you carry it up to the top of the hill from which you start, and it will always come down unless you can supply it with more power than any man possesses. Prolonged flights are made by steering the glider into columns of rising air, and so tapping their power."

"The addition of a man-driven propeller would not add appreciably to the length of the flight."

Philosopher: "I must, of course, bow to the laws of mechanics, but I should like to add that I still see no reason why flight by muscle-power should not be attained."

"Could we not deliberately breed a race of men with strong enough muscles? After all, birds fly by muscle-power."

Anatomist: "Once again, there is no real comparison. One of the chief differences between birds and men lies in the construction of their bones."

"Birds have hollow bones of remarkably light construction, and it is extremely doubtful if any bird could fly at all if fitted with mammalian bones."

"In addition, the temperature of most birds is much higher than that of human beings, which means that they burn their fuel more rapidly. Their muscles are not merely stronger—they are more efficient."

Engineer: "Surely the suggestion of breeding a special race of flying men would include the development of hollow bones and efficient muscles?"

Anatomist: "I can only say that such a suggestion is quite fantastic. Even if it could be done—and I don't believe for a moment that it could—the creatures produced would certainly be no longer entitled to be called 'men.'"

"Another point is that they would have to be dwarfs. The smaller a flying creature is, the more natural buoyancy it has, and there is no evidence that even birds could fly if they were much bigger than eagles. Ostriches have grown too big to fly, and have atrophied wings in consequence."

"But the question was surely not intended to cover the production of new creatures."

Philosopher: "As a matter of fact, the questioner may mean something quite different from all that we have been discussing. He may have taken it for granted that flying bicycles will be made, and asks simply—shall we have them or forbid them?"

"Shall we, in other words,

have our atmosphere filled with crazy young men, and our mortuaries filled with unidentified bodies, or shall we refuse to have such things?"

"I sincerely hope that by the time we have learned to make flying easy enough for everybody we shall have attained to sufficient wisdom not to have everybody flying. I hope that the answer to the question is 'No'—except, possibly, as curiosities forbidden by wise legislation to be used in the public atmosphere."

FILM STARS

T	R	R	S	U	R
G	A	O	L	E	E
L	U	Y	O	L	R
C	R	M	B	O	R
T	O	G	N	B	T
B	A	A	A	R	Y

On this chart are the surnames of some well-known film stars. The letters are in the right column, but not on the right line. Can you find them.

Solution in No. 223.

WANGLING WORDS

QUIZ for today

- Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after 'ACE-PI', to make a word.
- Rearrange the letters of ONLY THE SAME HEN, to make a river resort.
- Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: WINE into BEER, FOUL into PLAY, PICK into AXES, NECK into TIES.
- How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from RHEUMATISM?

Answers to Wangling Words No. 176

- REST-cure.
- HASTINGS.
- OLD, ODD, ADD, AID, RID, ROD, ROT, RAT, RAN, MAN.
- DUET, DUEL, FUEL, FEEL, REEL, REAL, SEAL, SEAM, TEAM, TRAM, TRIM, TRIO.
- STRAW, STRAP, SCRAP, SCRAM, SCURM, STRUM, STRUT, STOUT, SHOUT, SHOOT, SHOOK, SHOCK, STOCK, STACK.
- PIGS, PEGS, PEAS, SEAS, SEAT, SLAT, SLAP, SLIP, SKIP, SKIN.
- Cant, Cane, Real, Lean, Tale, Tear, Rate, Tare, Tang, Tree, Lent, Rang, Care, Race, Lace, Lane, Gale, Gate, Rage, Gear, Leer, Reel, etc.
- Greet, Great, Targe, Grate, Grant, Learn, Later, Lager, Angle, Clear, Glean, Clean, Cleat, Green, Large, Leant, Clang, Glare, Regal, Cater, etc.

JANE



USELESS EUSTACE

"Found it, eh? Well, if it isn't claimed in three months it's yours!"

Answers to Quiz in No. 221

- Bird.
- (a) Jules Verne, (b) Lord Byron.
- Martin is a bird; the others are animals.
- Cracker.
- 61 miles.
- Spain; it was originally "Espagnol."
- Rinse, Paragon.
- Company Assistant.
- Thomas De Quincey.
- Sherbourne.
- International Workers of the World.
- (a) Water, (b) Half-a-dozen of the other.

ROUND THE WORLD with our Roving Cameraman



HEADWORK IN PALESTINE.
It takes a lot of training to balance these water jars just like that, but the peasant women in Palestine learn it at an early age, and can swing along without spilling a drop or having a crash. The cameraman asked one woman how she did it. "Headwork, my boy," she replied. "Just use your head."

CROSSWORD CORNER

1		2	3	4		5	6	7		8
		9								
10	11					12				13
14						15		16		
17						18		19		
21		22						23		24
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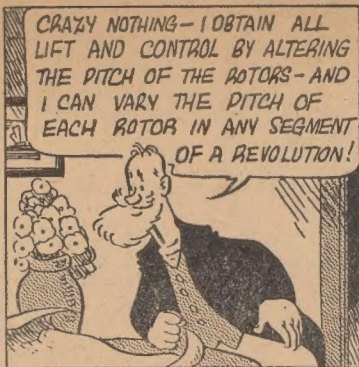
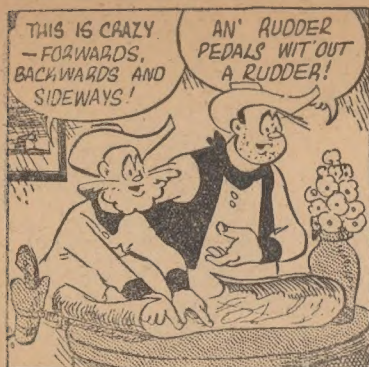
- CLUES ACROSS.**
- Newspapers.
 - Entire range.
 - Accomplish.
 - Reason.
 - Concise.
 - Without ardour.
 - Indent.
 - Colour.
 - Stone scrolls.
 - Black tea.
 - Separates.
 - Connective tissue.
 - Single group.
 - Hunting trip.
 - Big matches.
 - Precious stone.
 - Dressed cloth.
 - Impetuous.
 - Girl's name.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

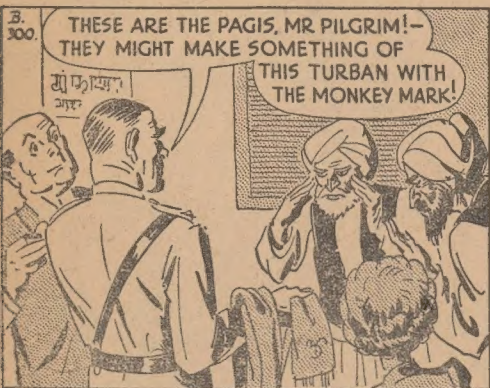
SCRAPE BEEN
WOOD INFLAME
ARCHED ASPS
TAKE UPSETS
CLINERT I
CLARA ASHEN
HEN BAT ODE
E NO REAM A
ARENAS PACT
TAX DONEGAL
MELON DEMY

- CLUES DOWN.**
- Interlope.
 - Bird of prey.
 - Skim along.
 - Sloped gently.
 - Obtain.
 - Way of approach.
 - Deserve.
 - Journeys by wagon.
 - Fixed procedure.
 - 13 Natural features of district.
 - Neck piece.
 - 19 Capable of being lost.
 - 20 Matched.
 - 21 Foreign language.
 - 22 Long narrow view.
 - 23 City divisions.
 - 24 Part of barrel.
 - 27 Experience.
 - 29 Utter.

BEELZEBUB JONES



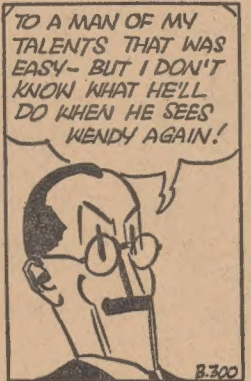
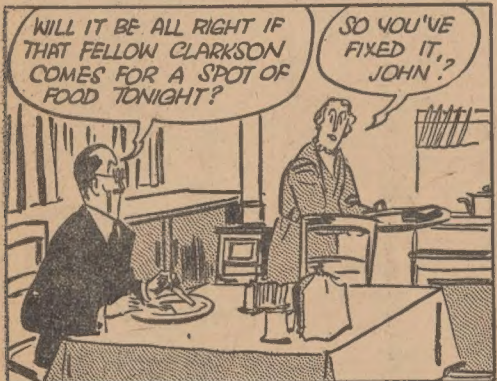
BELINDA



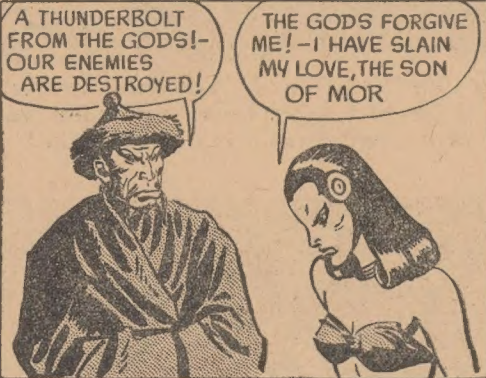
POPEYE



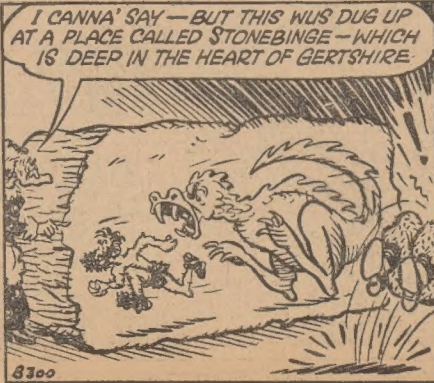
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



HARDLY SHIP-SHAPE

By E. W. DROOD—No. 9

THE BESSEMER

SEA-SICKNESS is, of course, no respecter of persons. Famous admirals have suffered from it all their lives; and many a great liner captain who has spent the best part of his life on the Western Ocean has been as sick as a dog whilst crossing the English Channel.

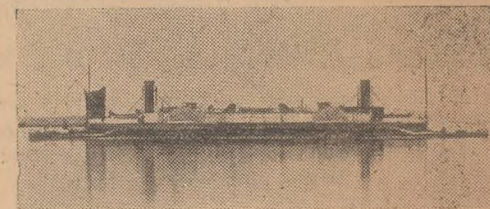
Many experiments have been conducted with a view to producing a ship that should be really steady; but, until the sea loses its power of movement, ships will always pitch and toss and shake and roll and shiver.

Still, it must be rather annoying to be a great engineer, inventor, scientist or millionaire, and still suffer from sea-sickness. That is probably what Sir Henry Bessemer, who revolutionised the making of steel, thought about it.

He came to the conclusion that the solution of the problem lay in constructing a big cabin suspended somewhat in the same way as a compass is, on gimbals, so that even when the ship rolled, the cabin would remain level. Models were built with a cabin suspended on a central bearing, with a clockwork motor to provide the pitching motion. The models grew in size. One was a twenty-foot-square cabin made to roll by a steam engine and rocker gear. This was built in the "back garden" of Bessemer's home in London.

At long last, after many years of experimenting, a company was formed with a capital of a quarter of a million to run cross-Channel steamers of a non-rolling type.

The "Bessemer" was 350 feet long, and in the centre was the swinging saloon, 70 feet long and 30 feet wide. Hydraulic stabilising gear was controlled by a gyroscope.



In order to prevent pitching, in addition to the ship's great length she had very low free-board, both bow and stern, of only four feet. Four paddle wheels would, it was thought, make her a fast ship.

The trial trip was made on May 8th, 1875, from Dover to Calais, with a large company of guests. As luck would have it, the sea was calm, and so the special cabin could not be tested.

She managed to do about eleven knots, but the two aftermost paddle-wheels were ineffective, as they were working in water moving at a high speed.

Like so many of these queer ships, she steered badly, and on more than one occasion, both at Dover and Calais, she crashed into the piers. She was heavy on coal, she pitched like any other ship, and the cabin never functioned properly.

She had been a very expensive ship to build, and Bessemer had to put his hand in his pocket more than once before she was completed. He lost more than he was prepared to, and the ship that bore his name was the last he built.

Laugh with Shaun McAlister

First Old Lady: "This must be Rubenstein's Melody in F."

Second Old Lady: "Oh, no, my dear, surely it's Mendelssohn's Spring Song."

First Old Lady (peering through her lorgnette): "Why, no, see it's the refrain from spitting."

It isn't the girl who plays with fire who always finds a match.

"Oh, doctor, do you ever doctor another doctor?"

"Yes, very often."

"Well, tell me this. Does a doctor doctor a doctor the way the doctor doctor wants to be doctor, or does the doctor doctor the doctor his own way?"

Cable from Africa: "Bob killed hunting lion."

Wife's reply: "Send him home."

Later cable from wife to Africa: "Mistake, only lion in coffin."

Reply from Africa: "No mistake, Bob in lion."

Barman: "You've forgotten to pay for your drinks, sir."

Customer: "Thash fine, old man; I've been trying to drink myself into forgetfulness for years."

Good Morning

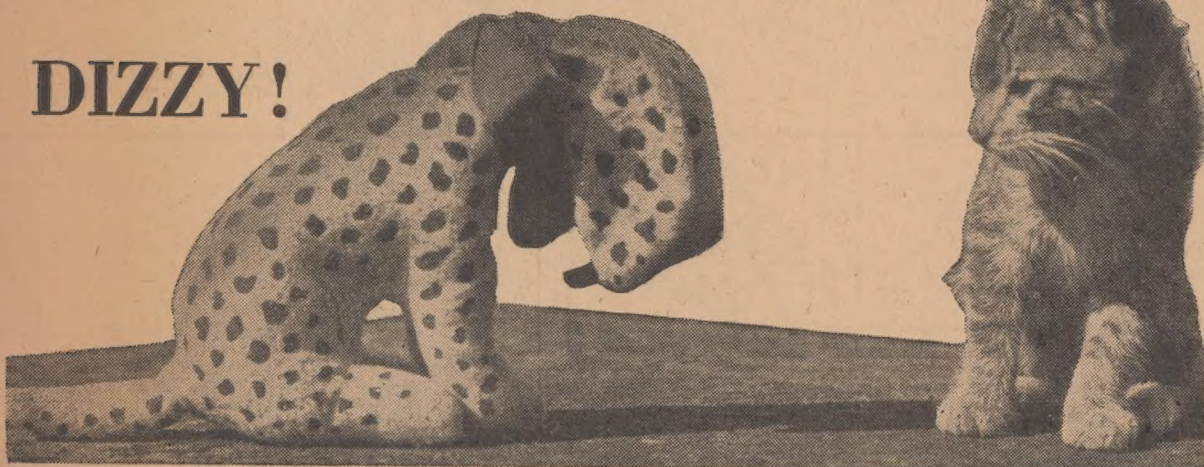
All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

★
Whichever way you look at her, she's mighty attractive. Ann Sothern's the name or didn't we need to tell you?
★



"Please can you put my dolly's head on again? You know I'm SURE you can, because I've watched you fasten horse's feet on to their legs, very often."

DIZZY!



"What on earth are you looking at me like THAT for? You look so utterly dismal that you almost give me the jitters." "Fraid I can't look any other way, Sister — Dismal Desmond is my name, and dismal is my outlook."



"Well — of all the cheek! Fancy being frozen out! Ah, well — it's a bit of a change to be able to walk on the water, anyway. After all, it must be pretty coolish under the ice."

This England

★
Looks wintry, doesn't it? Almost makes you think of that pre-Christmas dinner walk you used to take across the fields. Maybe, some of you did walk over here, particularly any boys from Essex.
★



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Whichever way I turn I get a chilly reception."

